The Ups of New York

By Ruth D. Weston.

THE great indoor and outdoor sport in New York is Paying the Ups.

It is a continuous performance in which the entire city takes part. The stranger in town is welcomed into the game with a cheerfulness which it was worth coming miles to see. In fact, the stranger has a confident feeling that the game was devised for him, and that New Yorkers are let in on it because they are such lovers of clean sport.

You begin to play the fascinating game of Paying the Ups en route to the city. You sit comfortably in your Pullman gazing at the Jersey signboards, drinking in the beauties of malted milk, fly screens and Turkish tobacco, when the lure of the game first strikes you.

"Rooms $1 and Up. Hotel Exquisita. Hot and cold water, telephone. Everything that Manhattan affords in the way of luxury."

Fine! Just what you want! As the train goes whizzing by you take out a notebook and make a memorandum of the Hotel Exquisita.

Another few miles, and another sign. "Rooms $1 Up. Hotel Perfecto, in the heart of the city. New York's exclusive hostlery."

Better still! You like the idea of being in the city's heart. You have heard so much of the pulse of the great metropolis and you want to hear it beat, so you decide on one of those dollar-a-day rooms at the Perfecto.

As the signboards skip by you begin to marvel at the wild stories that have reached out-of-towners about the high cost of living in the metropolis.

"Perfect nonsense!" you comment scornfully. "They are all yarns. What cheaper could you want than a dollar-a-day room on Fifth Avenue?"

Thick and fast they skim along, the Dollar Up signs, until you grow dizzy trying to remember if the Perfecto is at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street or Fifty-fifth Avenue and Fifth Street, and if the Elizabethan was the hotel that advertised showers, and breakfast served in the rooms at a dollar up.

You snatch a few correct addresses from the alluring signboards and light-heartedly trip to a telephone booth on your arrival.

"Our rates for a single room are $3 and up without bath, $5 and up with bath. Dollar rooms, did you say"—— There is a long pause, freighted with scorn. You imagine you can smell the violet sec on the handkerchief of the bored hotel clerk as he lightly flips it across his aching brow. "No, we have no rooms at that price"—his voice comes back in a weary drawl. "What did you say? Our advertisement? Oh, yes, we have a few very select, very choice rooms at a dollar. But, of course, those are all taken."

So much for the Exquisita. You try the Perfecto and the Allrighto, the Justito and a few others whose seductive signs filled you with a feeling that all is well in Manhattan, since rooms may be had at a dollar up.

You give up the vain pursuit, after an hour of frantic telephoning. Your conversation with hotel clerks has made you feel as if you had been camping on the Astor-Vanderbilt's doorstep, asking them to adopt you, and their butlers had put you in communication with the nearest police station or psychopathic ward.

Consider your laundry list. It is a veritable score card for the game of Up paying. Run your eye down both sides of it, male and female. It's Up, Up, Up. Everything is up. Waists, 20 cents up; handkerchiefs, 2 cents up; collars, 4 cents up; dresses, 30 cents up; pajamas, 15 cents up. You wonder why and how cuffs and collars and pajamas can differ from each other, and why a standard price for laundering them could not be enacted by the Legislature, and how the laundryman can differentiate between such apparently simple and similar articles.

You gather together the few articles of apparel that you dared to wear during the week and take them apologetically to one of the few thousand French hand laundries around the corner. You call for them again, so as not to arouse the ire of the laundryman and not to give him the excuse of delivery to add to the ups.

Take the simple matter of half a dozen collars at 2 cents up. They added 50 cents to your bill. You pay the ups for every other article that was washed, and you wonder, with Father William's son, as you put down the cash to settle the ups, how they manage to do it.

"Suits Cleaned and Pressed, 25 Cents Up," the tailor's sign across the street reads. Of course *he* can tell you that he is "just out" of 25-cent cleaning mixture, but he *can* and he *does* tell you that your suit is so elaborate, so in need of extra careful pressing and attention, that he must charge at least $1, and that if he does it for that price you are really getting wholesale rates.

"Walk up one flight and save street level prices" is the familiar admonition of Fifth Avenue and Broadway shops. "Now," you think, "the luck has changed; the only up will be 'up one flight.'" But the real Ups have arrived ahead of you, and the game goes merrily on.

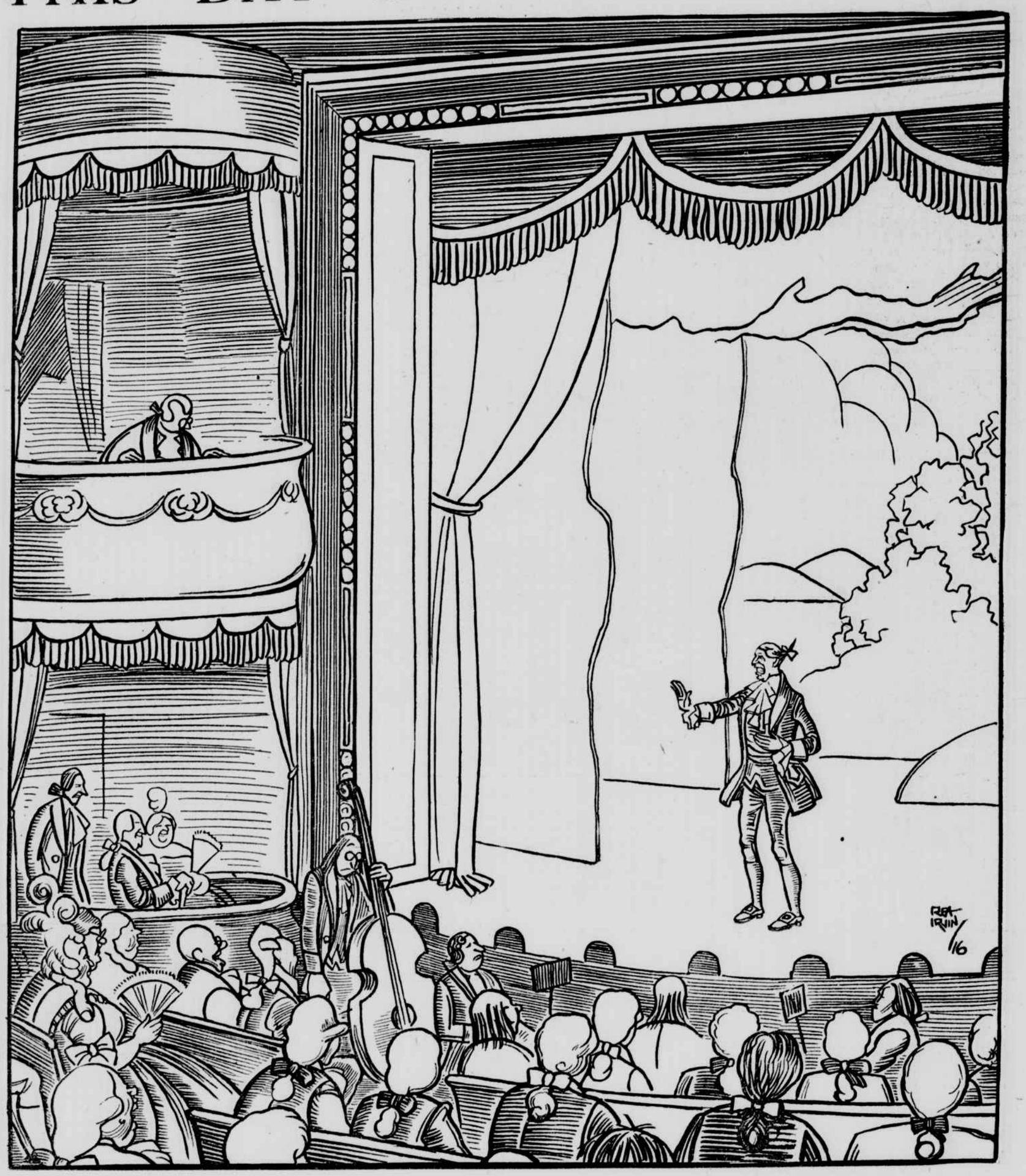
The saleslady assures you that those advertised goods are all gone. But they were nothing like those she can show you in a more exclusive line.

But why further particularize? The game is played everywhere, and you begin to wonder if the long-sought fourth dimension may not be found somewhere in the endless realm of the Ups.

In all the category of Manhattan trade is there no such word as Down? What, you inquire, has become of the Marked Downs and their friends and relatives of the 99 and 48 cent families?

Let us pray for the arrival of a benevolent dealer who will start the downward trend and reap a fortune by advertising something—anything, from dwarfed Japanese plants to dirigible balloons—for, say, "$100 and down." A great fortune and a great future await the man who will down the Ups and invent a game with a few chances on the consumers' side.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY---*By Rea Irvin*



De Wolf Hopper First Recites "Casey at the Bat," October 15, 1766

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

TO THE ANTI-CAMPAIGNERS.

Antis, for Wilson so gladly campaigning,
Antis campaigning so gayly for Hughes,
Would you object very much to explaining,
What in the world are your views?

You whose conviction could never be shaken:
Voting incited a woman to roam;
Do I not see you—or am I mistaken—
Voteless, but far from the home?

Woman's inferior, so you insisted;
Over her faults and her failings you gloat.
Haven't you got things a little bit twisted,
Teaching these men how to vote?

You, who have told them their wives and their mothers
Had not political wisdom, you knew;
Why should they think you more wise than the others?
Why should they listen to *you?*

As all Presidential candidates have declared themselves in favor of suffrage the antis are always working for an enemy to their cause.

Some of them say in answer to this that they don't believe their particular candidate was sincere in his indorsement of suffrage.

It seems a strange reason for working for a man's election—because you hope he'll turn out to be a liar.

"Yes, my dear," you can imagine one anti lady saying to another; "he has to say in public that he thinks we have sense enough to vote, but I happen to know that in his heart the noble creature considers us all perfect idiots."

And we wonder how those of them who have gone on the Hughes train enjoy their old friend "The New York Times" referring to them as "feminists"?

And you know what that means!

An anti-suffragist seems to be a woman who does this year what last year she denounced the suffragists for doing.

And who, we wonder, is looking after the great cause of anti-suffrage now that so much indirect influence is being used to elect suffragists to office?

Is it in safe hands?

A LULLABY.

Hush, hush, little anti, you need not be free,
Nor shall all your sisters who want so to be.
Don't trouble or tremble, but slumber and shirk,
While the kind, faithful liquor men do all the work.

CRISES—TRUE AND FALSE.

The British Minister of Munitions said in the House of Commons some weeks ago:

"I want to say a word about women. It is not too much to say that our armies have been saved and victory assured largely by the work of women in the munition factories. I ask the House to consider this, together with the work done by women in hospitals, in agriculture, in transport trades, and in every type of clerical occupation. I would respectfully submit that when time and opportunity offer it will be opportune to ask: 'Where is the man who would deny to woman the civil rights which she has earned by hard work?'"

The next day Mr. Long, the President of the Local Government Board, said:

"We are asked to enfranchise soldiers because of the great sacrifices they have made and are making for us. Who is there who is likely to deny a proposition of that kind? But if sacrifice is to be the basis of our franchise, what of the women who in many capacities have taken as great risks and made as great sacrifices as almost any of our soldiers?"

And the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Asquith, in old times the great opponent of woman suffrage, said:

"Women have aided in the most effective way in the prosecution of the war. . . . They say, when the war comes to an end, when these abnormal conditions have to be revised, and when the process of industrial reconstruction has to be set on foot, have not the women a special claim to be heard on the many questions which will arise directly affecting their interests, and possibly meaning for them a large displacement of labor? I cannot think the House will deny that, and I say quite frankly that I cannot deny that claim."

Thus Englishmen talk of, and to, their women in a great national crisis.

But American men not very long ago told American women that a suffrage measure could not be considered while the country was in such a critical situation.

The crisis was tariff reform and a currency bill.

The Last Bullet

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had used the last flare-up of his rapidly waning strength to make his exit—quickly, without any sentimental parting.

He uttered one short, dull groan as a shiver ran through his body, and the arm with which he had held the revolver to his ear twitched a couple of times.

Loneliness and the terror of death bore down on Krafft like ravenous wolves.

. . . . . .

What was that rustling? Were the beasts coming?

With his left hand he reached for the revolver. Now he could barely touch the captain's hand. But what was that? The dead man held the Browning in a vise-like grip. However much he pulled and tugged the fingers would not loosen. The weapon would not yield to the strength left in his weak left hand. And the right hand—it could not help. It lay crippled and impotent beside him.

Once more in desperation he struggled with the dead man's grip. But to no avail. He would be obliged to crawl out much further in order to lift the arm and the revolver together and to force the dead man to drop it.

Then he would be completely out of his hiding place. He would be freeing his body from its cover of dry and mouldering leaves, only to commit it again to them forever.

There—a dull thunder—once, twice. Good God! The artillery! The batteries were pushing ahead. Then the comrades could advance once more. How far back could they be? How much time would they need to cover the distance? To chase away the franc-tireurs? Oh, for a respite of half an hour more! Would heaven grant it? Now to pray for it. No, rather to work for it! To get back into cover, or, at least, into what looked like cover.

Going back the crawling was better. Shots again! Only half an hour!

There! What was that?

Voices speaking French. A rustling of leaves. Steps, coughing. Instinctively he dug his face deep into the protecting blackberry creepers. The thorns scratched his mouth and neck. All the same he must lie still. There they were!

He distinguished a croaking woman's voice, the voice of a boy and still another of deeper quality.

"Two dead ones," said the boy, pushing him with his foot.

Then all hope could go to the devil! They had discovered him in spite of the leaves and brambles.

"First the officer," he heard the old woman say—undoubtedly the fiendish-looking old woman of whom the captain had spoken.

Happy he! He was dead!

Again the German shells thundered through the air.

The franc-tireur band seemed to hesitate.

He ventured to raise his head a little, supporting it on his chin, and to open his eyes. Through the leaves he recognized a woman's skirt, held up by a loathsome, wrinkled hand.

"Quick! Quick! Before they come," said the old woman. "The officer is dead. Too bad! Too bad! Take his revolver!"

A youth bent over the dead captain and tried to take possession of the Browning. Since he could not pry it loose from the stiffened fingers, he lifted the arm up with a jerk.

The old woman was impatient.

"Quick! Quick!" she cried. "The other one in there in the bushes is still alive."

A dull report, a shriek of pain, a terrible wailing.

"The dead shoot at us, grandmother," cried the two French boys.

Were his saviors already there?

Krafft forgot prudence; he stretched his neck around. The old woman had fallen on the ground. The face of the dead captain was covered with a little heap of sawdust.

"I am dying," screamed the old woman, "Let the accursed Prussian alone. Carry me into the village. Where are Jacques and Francois? Already off with the plunder? Carry me into the village before the Germans come. Quick, quick! Listen to the cannons"——

Once more the vital energy left in the young man flickered up. But wisdom counselled him to lie perfectly still. What had really happened? The saving shot came from somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. But there was no hurrah. No comrades came rushing forward. All was quiet about him. Nothing was stirring but the evening wind, which lightly tossed the poplar leaves to and fro.

"To die is not so very hard," he said softly to himself.

The guns thundered again in the service of a cause which recked nothing of individual suffering.

A little later, when something cold was splashed over his brow, he thought, in his half-conscious state, that he felt the actual touch of Death.

Apathetically he heard their congratulations, until suddenly a sense of horror aroused him.

"Those beasts have also suffocated this officer here," cried one of the ambulance corps men. "See, he is full of sawdust."

But the volunteer would not have it so, and the rescuers also saw that the captain's condition was not at all the same as that of the unfortunate victim in the trench. The mouth and nose were clear—not stopped up with sawdust by murderous hands.

From that some kindly fate had preserved him. But how? That mysterious shot—whence had it come?

With a last effort Krafft straightened himself up and reached for the captain's clammy hand. It still held the revolver fast. Carefully he opened the magazine. There was no unused cartridge in it.

The arm of the dead man slipped out of his weary fingers. But of one thing he was sure, and one clear conviction he carried with him over the darkening field and through the long, miserable weeks which he spent in hospital: "Your dead captain must have saved you; his stiffened fingers pressed the trigger when the franc-tireur pulled up his arm."

It was the captain's privilege both to avenge and save—with the last bullet in the barrel.